The Age of Kali And The Appearance Of Lord Chaitanya's Sankirtan Movement

compiled by Radha-Damodara Das

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An Outline of the Play

The play begins with a narration and slide show describing how the ages run in cycles, just like seasons, starting with the Age of Truth, Satya-yuga, and gradually declining to the Age of Quarrel, Kali-yuga. With the appearance of Lord Krishna, just before the beginning of Kali-yuga, the whole Earth becomes auspicious as if it were Satya-yuga. Having completed His mission on this earth, the Lord went to Dwaraka, and at that time Maharaja Yudhishthira sent Arjuna to see Him. Weeks go by and still Arjuna does not return, thus Maharaja Yudhishthira becomes anxious and, seeing many ill omens, his anxiety increases.

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE

Maharaja Yudhishthira enters and begins to describe many ill omens as he witnesses them. His ultimate conclusion is that the Lord has disappeared from the planet and the world has again become inauspicious.

SCENE TWO

Maharaja Yudhishthira turns over his throne to Maharaja Pariksit and sets off for the Himalayas to fix himself in meditation on the Supreme Lord, Sri Krishna. (All as per *S.B.* 1st Canto).

SCENE THREE

Dialogue between Dharma (the bull) and Bhumi (the cow). The personified Kali enters and begins to beat them. Maharaja Pariksit comes in and, seeing this, prepares to kill Kali, but when Kali takes shelter of him, he gives Kali five places where he may reside.

ACT TWO

SCENE ONE

Kali and his consort Sin discuss the many ways in which they are going to bewilder the living entities in this age (□...this is my age, my Queen, now just begun / I'm allowed 400,000 years in which to have my fun...□).

SCENE TWO

Then Sin invites each of the six enemies □ Lust, Anger, Greed, Illusion, Madness and Envy □ to describe their expert means for expanding Kali's empire. This contains excerpts from Girish Ghosh's play, *The Age of Kali,* which has been adapted by the devotees. As the last enemy is finishing his monologue, the sound of a *harinama-sankirtan* party is heard faintly in the distance, and the enemies all become fearful. Kali appears and tells Sin that it's all over, but Sin can't believe it and describes all her expert means of deception, but Kali shows how the devotees are using the six enemies in favor of devotional service; *i.e.,* turning Lust into love for God, making Anger and Envy join hands to fight those who decry the Lord, Greed becomes eagerness to attain the Lord's favor, etc. At last Kali and Sin alone are left, then suddenly Lord Chaitanya and His associates explode upon the scene as Kali and his consort flee in terror.

ACT THREE

SCENE ONE

Lord Chaitanya and the devotees chant and dance for a while, and the *kirtan* reaches a crescendo and finishes. Lord Chaitanya sits surrounded by His followers and begins to glorify them all, beginning with Advaita Acharya and Srila Nityananda Prabhu (as per the chapter in *C.C., Lord Gauranga Bids Farewell to the Bengali Devotees*). After praising the glories of Srivasa Thakura, Raghava Pandit and the inhabitants of Kulina-grama, Lord Chaitanya stresses the importance of chanting and serving the devotees, in answer to a question from Satyaraja Khan. Then He describes the specific qualities of a Vaishnava. At last, the Lord comes to Vasudeva Datta, who petitions the Lord to put all the sinful reactions of all fallen souls on his own head, so that they can be delivered from their suffering. The Lord is overwhelmed by Vasudeva Datta's compassion, and He assures him that all living beings in the universe have already been saved simply by his desire. Lord Chaitanya then reveals that even though the devotees may appear to be leaving His association, He is always

with them, for He is present wherever the Holy Name is chanted by the devotees. The *kirtan* begins again, very sweet this time.

SCENE TWO

As the chanting continues the attention comes to the front of the stage, where a spotlight is shining. Srila Bhaktivinoda Thakura appears and begins to recite the English translation of *Arunodaya-kirtan:* "When the Eastern horizon became tinged with the redness that heralds the rising of the sun, the jewel among the *brahmanas,* Lord Gaurasundara, immediately awakened... etc." Thus it appears that the Lord and His devotees, whose chanting is very quiet, appear to be the meditation of Srila Bhaktivinoda. The monologue ends as follows, paraphrasing Lord Chaitanya: "I have brought the medicine for destroying the illusion of Maya. Now pray for this *harinama maha-mantra* and take it! Thakura Bhaktivinoda fell at the lotus feet of Lord Gauranga, and after begging for the Holy Name, he received that *maha-mantra."* Then Srila Bhaktivinoda Thakura begins: "Oh for that day when the fortunate English, French... and American people will... raise *kirtan* through their towns. When will that day come?" He predicts the coming of a great *acharya* who will fulfill the mission of Lord Chaitanya.

ACT FOUR

SCENE ONE

A narration describes how Srila Bhaktivinoda's son, Srila Bhaktisiddhanta Sarasvati, establishes a powerful preaching mission throughout India. Then the appearance of Srila Prabhupada, his childhood and youth are described. This scene begins with Narendranath urging Abhay Charan to visit this "nice *sadhu."* Abhay reluctantly agrees, and they come before Srila Bhaktisiddhanta, who preaches strongly to Abhay and urges him to spread Lord Chaitanya's message in the English language. The scene ends with Abhay telling Narendranath that he is deeply impressed and has accepted in his heart this very nice, saintly person, as his spiritual master.

SCENE TWO

There is a short narration describing Srila Prabhupada's preaching in India up to 1965, and how he finally sets off aboard the steamship Jaladuta towards America. The scene begins on the Jaladuta: Srila Prabhupada is sitting behind his trunk, writing in his diary, and his voice is heard as he is writing: "Today the ship is plying smoothly. I feel today better. But I am feeling separation..." He goes on writing, describing his feeling of dependence on his *guru-maharaja* and Krishna. Then Captain and Mrs. Pandia enter, and they inquire from Srila Prabhupada about his health. Srila Prabhupada says: "If the Atlantic had shown its usual face, perhaps I would have died. But Lord Krishna has taken charge of the ship." There is a brief dialogue between them, then Srila Prabhupada sells them three volumes of *Srimad-Bhagavatam* and they exit. Srila Prabhupada then stands and walks to the front, as if to the rails of the ship, and peers out across the ocean to the grim skyline of Boston: "My dear Lord Krishna, You are so kind upon this useless soul, but I do not know why You have brought me here. Now You can do whatever You like with me..."

SCENE THREE

There is a detailed narration and slide show describing Srila Prabhupada's preaching in America, and his ultimate success in establishing Krishna Consciousness world-wide.

SCENE FOUR

The last scene is in Bhaktivedanta Manor in England, a few minutes before Srila Prabhupada arrival, with the devotees running panic-stricken to get everything ready for his arrival. Srila Prabhupada arrives!!! There is a Deity greeting and then Srila Prabhupada sits on his *vyasasana* and sings *Jaya-Radha-Madhava.* Then he begins to speak. This contains extracts from the very wonderful class he gave at the Manor on Vyasa-puja 1973, where Srila Prabhupada speaks very movingly about how actually, "I had wasted so much time before fulfilling the order of my spiritual master..." and he gives all credit to the devotees themselves. He mentions that a *grihastha* must be *paramahamsa.* At the end, he says that even after he has passed away, he is very much hopeful that this movement will continue to spread. It is a beautiful class and at the end he says: "Thank you very much, Hare Krishna!" The devotees then start a *kirtan* and Srila Prabhupada leaves.

End of Outline; Play Follows

LORD CHAITANYA'S SANKIRTAN MOVEMENT

compiled by Radha-Damodara Das

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CAST: Narrator, Maharaja Yudhishthira, Arjuna, Pariksit, Guards, Bhumi (cow), Dharma (bull), Kali, Sin, Envy, Lust, Anger, Greed, Illusion, Madness, Lord Chaitanya, Satyaraja Khan, Vasudeva Datta, Bhaktivinoda Thakura, Devotee, Abhay / Srila Prabhupada, Narendranath, Bhaktisiddhanta Sarasvati, Captain and Mrs. Pandia, Devotees.

(Note: a slide show may accompany this lengthy introductory narration)

Narrator: We offer our respectful obeisances unto His Divine Grace A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada, who is very dear to Lord Krishna, having taken shelter at His lotus feet. Our respectful obeisances are unto you, O spiritual master, servant of Srila Bhaktisiddhanta Sarasvati Prabhupada. You are kindly preaching the message of Lord Chaitanyadeva and delivering the Western countries, which are filled with impersonalism and voidism.

We offer our respectful obeisances unto all the Vaishnava devotees of the Lord, who can fulfill the desires of everyone, just like desire-trees, and are full of compassion for all the fallen, conditioned souls.

Bhaja Sri-Krishna-Chaitanya Prabhu Nityananda
Sri-Advaita Gadadhara Srivasadi-Gaura-bhakta-vrinda
Hare Krishna Hare Krishna, Krishna Krishna Hare Hare
Hare Rama Hare Rama, Rama Rama Hare Hare

As nature turns through the four seasons — spring, summer, autumn, winter — so does the universe revolve through four cycles known as *yugas* or ages: Satya, Treta, Dvapara and Kali. Four such ages make one *kalpa,* and two thousand of such *kalpas* make one day and night for Lord Brahma, the universal engineer. From creation to destruction, this universe exists for one hundred of Lord Brahma's years, and all that time — which spans in our earth's time more than three hundred trillion years — is but one breath of Lord Maha-Vishnu, who lies upon the causal ocean in His mystic slumber. Like bubbles in a cosmic ocean, countless universes rise and are destroyed, as each time the blessed Lord breaths in... and out...

The golden age of Satya-yuga is free from vice, but as spring turns to summer, the Treta-yuga begins as tiny spots of sin and strife appear... though mostly truth and purity reign. Then, like autumn, Dvapara begins, and thus virtue and religion decline still more, yet harmony and godly life is still the norm. Until, that is, the iron age of Kali spreads its dark and deadly shroud. Like a bleak and dreadful winter, this Kali is a dangerous age, for there is almost no virtue to be found in it — mercy, truth, austerity and cleanliness are all but

gone. When quarrel and hypocrisy rule, when leaders are but swindlers and fools... the age of darkness, Kali, is begun.

But, just before this stormy era came, the Lord Himself, Sri Krishna, appeared out of His causeless mercy upon all the fallen souls who rot in forgetfulness of Him. Thus, five thousand years ago, just as a sunny day often appears amidst the months of cold and rain, the Lord graced this earth with His presence, and all the while it was again like Satya-yuga, the golden age. To annihilate demonic kings, but especially to bless those pious followers of His, the Lord stayed for 125 years and also sang the divine scripture, *Bhagavad-Gita*, that chalked the path of light for all mankind, forevermore.

His mission done, the Lord retired to Dwaraka's mighty citadel, and at that time the pious king and emperor of all the world, Yudhishthira Maharaja by name, a pure devotee of the Lord, sent Arjuna, his younger brother, there for news of Krishna's activities. Thus Arjuna, that warrior of mighty arms, that soul surrendered to his Lord, that companion of the friend of everyone, left Hastinapur at once for Dwaraka, to fulfill his elder brother Yudhishthira's desire. But, as the weeks went by, and still Arjuna did not return, the emperor's mind began to fill with troubled thoughts...

ACT ONE
SCENE ONE

Maharaja Yudhishthira Sees The Ill Omens For The Age Of Kali

(It is evening time. The weather is very cold and miserable. Maharaja Yudhishthira enters in great anxiety)

Yudhishthira: The direction of eternal time has changed... and the seasons no longer follow their proper course! What is this fearful time? It is most astonishing! Recently I have noticed such a change in the people. Men and women who were once pious and God-fearing have now become filled with greed, pride and anger. Many of the citizens are adopting foul means of livelihood, and their dealings, even between friends, have become polluted with cheating. In family relationships, there is no harmony but only misunderstanding, and even between husband and wife there is always strain and quarrel.

Some time ago, I sent Arjuna to Dwaraka to get news about the Personality of Godhead, Lord Krishna, and His divine plans. But, seven long months have passed since then, and still he has not returned; thus I am greatly perplexed to know how things are going on there...

The left side of my body, my thighs, arms and legs are all quivering again and again. I am having heart palpitations due to fear... all these omens indicate undesirable happenings. Just see! This pigeon is like a messenger of death! The shrieks of the owls and crows make my heart tremble... it seems they want to make a void of the whole universe! The earth and mountains are

throbbing... Just hear the cloudless thunder and see the bolts from the blue!

The wind blows violently, blasting dust everywhere and creating darkness. Clouds rain blood! What is this extraordinary time? What is going to happen? The rays of the sun are declining, and the stars appear to be fighting amongst themselves... everything is in chaos! Confused living entities appear to be ablaze and weeping... and even the Deities seem to be crying and ready to leave the temples. The whole earth is devoid of happiness and beauty... I do not know what sort of calamities are awaiting us... I can only think that all these disturbances indicate some greater loss to the good fortune of the world...

(Arjuna enters, his feet dragging heavily. He bows down to Maharaja Yudhishthira and sits at his feet, his head down and tears gliding from his lotus eyes)

Yudhishthira: Arjuna! My dear brother, are you all right? How is everything at Dwaraka? Are all the members of the Yadu dynasty in good health? How is Lord Balarama? What about Lord Krishna? O my brother, what is wrong? Why are you so grief-stricken?

Arjuna: (very slowly and emotionally) O king! The Supreme Personality of Godhead, Krishna, who treated me exactly like an intimate friend, has left me alone... I have just lost Him whose separation, for even a moment, renders all the universes void... like bodies without life! Great generals like Bhishma, Drona, Karna and Jayadratha all directed their weapons against me. But, by His grace, they could not even touch a hair on my head. Now all my strength and prowess, which astonished even the demigods, has left me. Due to my lack of esteem for the Lord, I dared to engage Him as my chariot-driver, although He is worshiped and served by the best of men! O emperor, now that I am separated from my dearmost friend and well-wisher, my Lord Govinda, I can simply remember those Divine instructions sung to me by Him on the battlefield of Kurukshetra. This is the only relief for my burning heart...

Yudhishthira: Then there is no reason to remain even a moment longer in this earthly life... Arjuna!

Arjuna: Yes, my lord?

Yudhishthira: Inform your grandson, Pariksit, to make all preparations. Tomorrow I will crown him as emperor and master of all lands bordered by the sea!

Arjuna: Yes... at once!

Yudhishthira: And have my servant bring saffron cloth and a staff. That's all...

(Arjuna exits) I will give up my kingdom at once and, following the path trodden by my forefathers, I will go to the Himalayas and devote myself completely to thoughts of the Lord. Thus I will prepare myself for death...

ACT ONE
SCENE TWO

Yudhishthira Entrusts His Kingdom to Maharaja Pariksit

(Yudhishthira, Pariksit, and 2 guards enter)

Yudhishthira: The total land of the earth is under the control of my throne. As emperor, it is my duty to protect all the citizens, including the animals, from all harm and to train them according to the directions of the Supreme Lord. It is under His control and sanction that everything moves, and thus I am also His servant. Under his guidance, all of the citizens on the earth are happy in all respects, free from the disturbances of sinful life.

Pariksit, you are my grandson. You have been trained to assume leadership. This age is a difficult one. As emperor, it will be your duty to protect the citizens from degradation. Now I am growing old. The time has come for me to give up material activities and devote myself entirely to the Lord. I must prepare myself to return to Godhead. **(he crowns Pariksit and gives him a sword. Pariksit bows, thinks for a while, then addresses audience:)**

Pariksit: My dear citizens, my friends, as king it is my duty to give protection to the residents of the land, and therefore I am here to serve you all. We are entering difficult times. This Age of Kali is very dangerous for the human beings. Human life is meant for self realization and to understand we are all brothers. Not only the humans, but the animals, the birds, the trees, they are our brothers as well. Together we must acknowledge and glorify the Supreme Personality of Godhead, our common father. Due to the influence of this Age of Kali, men will completely forget the aim of life. The sages foresee that in this age men will become mad after sense gratification. They will become short-lived, quarrelsome, misguided, and above all always disturbed. Finally, at the end of the age, the only philosophy will be, "I will kill you and eat you or you will kill me and eat me."

Yudhishthira: But, my dear friends, before these tragedies come about, in the midst of the turmoil of this age, there will be a renaissance of transcendental knowledge and religious principles. At that time, men everywhere – in every town and village all over the world – will be given the opportunity to revive their relationship with the Supreme Father and glorify His Holy Name by the congregational

chanting of the Holy Names of the Lord!

Narrator: After placing Pariksit Maharaja upon the throne, Yudhishthira at once relinquished his royal garments, belt and ornaments, and thus he became fully freed from all designation of this world. Then he dressed in tattered cloth, gave up eating solid foods, became dumb voluntarily and let his hair hang loose. Appearing like a madman, Yudhishthira set off for the Himalayan mountains in the north, and gradually absorbed himself in meditation on the Supreme Lord, Sri Krishna. Thus fixed in remembrance of the Lord, Yudhishthira Maharaja gave up his body and went back home to Godhead.

The other sons of Pandu Bhishma, Arjuna, Nakula and Sahadeva thereafter saw that Kali's age had already arrived throughout the world, and seeing irreligion rife among the common people, they too left home and followed in the footsteps of their glorious brother, Yudhishthira Maharaja.

Meanwhile, the grandson of the Pandavas, that great and saintly king, Pariksit Maharaja, began to rule the people of the earth under the guidance of the best of the twice-born *brahmanas.* But while he was residing in the Kuru empire's capital, the symptoms of the iron age of Kali-yuga began to infiltrate within the jurisdiction of his state. Pariksit did not think this matter very good, but it did afford him a chance to fight for righteousness and justice. Thus he took up bow and arrows, left his palace, and set off to conquer all directions. At that same time, Dharma, religiosity personified, was wandering here and there in the form of a bull, and he met mother Bhumi, the earth personified, appearing as a cow.

ACT ONE
SCENE THREE

How Pariksit Received The Age Of Kali

(Scene opens with Bhumi the cow crying and lamenting bitterly. Dharma the bull enters)

Dharma: O mother earth, are you not hale and hearty? A shadow of grief has covered your face... Are you not well, or are you sad, being parted from a loved-one who's in a far-distant place? My three legs austerity, purity, and mercy are broken; now, on truth alone do I stand. Are you lamenting to see me forsaken and so badly crippled by Kali's cruel hand? Or are you anxious, my dear mother, because you can see the merciless men who soon will appear to torture and butcher your sisters and brothers, to exploit your lands and fill your children with fear? Or are you feeling compassion for the unhappy women and their children, forlorn by unscrupulous cheats? Or for the plight of innocent citizens, bewildered and plundered by thieves dressed as government leaders and priests? Mother earth, you were

blessed by Lord Krishna, who appeared to free you from all of your burdens and fears. But now that He has left you alone, are you crying for Him? Pray tell me the cause of your tears!

Bhumi: O Dharma! O emblem of perfect religion! By the Lord's mercy you made this world glad. Now that I have heard all of your questions, I'll tell you the reasons why I am so sad. For a while, I beheld the Lotus Feet of Lord Krishna, who enjoyed His pastimes while walking upon this earth. At that time, all my forests, seas, mountains and rivers were blessed with such uncommon beauty and worth. But at the end, while I was feeling such good fortune, the Lord, in whom all goodness and beauty rests, finished His pastimes and left me here alone, and in this dark age I am so much distressed. **(Kali enters and begins to beat the bull and the cow with a stick)**

Kali: All right, you stupid beasts... move! **(to the bull)** I see! You don't want to work anymore for me? And you, you old cow... you cannot give me any milk or calves now? Useless!!! There's only one thing left for you... the butchers knife! Yes! But first, I'll beat you to within an inch of your life! **(Maharaja Pariksit enters as Kali begins to beat them severely)**

Pariksit: Stop! You rogue just when Lord Krishna and Arjuna are out of sight, you dare to beat an innocent bull and cow? Well, let me tell you, that one who causes offenseless creatures to suffer must fear me, anywhere and everywhere in this world, for I subdue all envious men! O culprit, now you'll pay for your sins, for you are truly a villain, though dressed as a king! Though strong, you dare harm those who are helpless! But now your time is nigh by the sword you have lived, so now, by the sword... you must die!!!

Kali: O!!! My dear lord! **(throwing himself at Maharaja Pariksit's feet)** O merciful master, I surrender unto you! Please spare my life... please have pity on me!

Pariksit: Since you have surrendered completely, I will not kill you, so there is no need to fear for your life. But you cannot remain in my kingdom, for you are the friend of irreligion; and where you reside, greed, treachery, cheating and vanity will certainly abound. Get ye hence!

Kali: O Your Majesty, you are most kind to spare me! But if I must be exiled from your kingdom, where then can I go? For no place on this earth lies beyond your power of rule! O my dear king, you are the defender of truth and of all helpless beings. I beg you, please allow me some place where I may stay always and peacefully linger!

Pariksit: All right, you may live wherever you find these four pillars of sinful life gambling, intoxication, animal slaughter and prostitution.

Kali: O thank you so much, O great saintly king!
But before I go, there is just one thing
for under your holy and powerful reign,
none of these pillars of sin can remain!
So, by your grace, is there just one more place?

Pariksit: For a beggar, your demands are very bold!
All right, you may stay whenever men hoard;
there lust, lies and envy prevail.
Now, begone! Before my patience fails.

Kali: **(scuttling off)** O master, thank you! Thank you!!! O gracious lord, thank you... you won't regret this... **(Kali runs off, and his villainous laugh is heard offstage)**

Pariksit: Fear not, O son of Surabhi, lament no longer! And, O mother cow, there is no cause for you to cry!
For as long as I live and rule this land,
I will not fail in my duty to stand
and protect all creatures from treacherous hands!

Dear mother earth, surely Lord Krishna again will appear.
Take heart! For by thinking of Him, He is already here!
Come now, Dharma, let me ease your pains.
We'll soon have you back on your feet again!

ACT TWO
SCENE ONE

Kali and His Consort Sin

Kali: This is my age, O queen, now just begun. I'm allowed 400,000 years in which to have my fun! Wars, plagues, suicides, drugs, money, liquor and lies, rapes, bombs, diseases... such a feast for my eyes! So rejoice, my queen, our time has come. With perverted desires will I flood their minds; they'll be vultures for pleasure... but only torment will they find!

Sin: Sordid perversions will be in vogue. O Kali, Kali, you're such a rogue!

Kali: Yes, ILLICIT SEX, such a delight! For a moment's pleasure, like dogs they'll fight!

Sin: They'll kill the baby in the womb, making the garbage can his tomb!

Kali: Woman-hunters will scavenge the night, and they'll slaughter the cows for their appetites!

Sin: Which brings us to MEAT-EATING! What would you like for dinner, dear? Some fresh killed pig, chicken or steer? Christmas killed turkey, rabbit or lamb?

Kali: No, love, tonight I'll eat my fellow man!!! **(Kali lunges menacingly at nearest member of audience)** I'll get you all, just wait and see, I'll have no compassion, not one drop of mercy!

Sin: INTOXICATION! Would you like a cigarette, sir? Some coffee or tea? Perhaps you want some burgundy?

Kali: What? Not enough? Here, try some hashish or LSD... Mystical visions do I guarantee... Whatever you want, just come to me!

Sin: What's that? You want more and more? Come, just see what I have in store!

Kali: GAMBLING! You'll make money your life! Your greed for wealth will cause such strife!

Sin: Worship of God? Ha! There will hardly be any. But even the pauper will worship his penny!

Kali: And the leaders of society, so filled with greed, they'll be blind to see that the only way to bring about peace is to rid this world of me... Kali!

Sin: O Kali, Kali, Kali!!!

Kali: The universe came out of a big explosion!

Sin: They'll have no idea how life began, but their lives will end with a nuclear bang!

Kali: Come on, enjoy your life! Do your own thing! It's all absurd! Be your own king!

Sin: Forget tomorrow, just have some fun! It doesn't matter, it's all one... blow your minds and let them run!

Kali: Cook that steak till it's nice and done! They'll try to be master of the world and enjoy a life of ease, but they'll create a hell of concrete skies and plastic trees!

Sin: Like rats they'll race at frightening speeds, encaged in cars of steel, and they'll work like slaves to feed their shiny coffins on four wheels!

Kali: Oh what a tangled web we'll weave, when first they practice to deceive! We'll anaesthetize their brains with senseless songs and television!

Sin: We'll cripple their bodies with chemicals, junk-food and pollution!

Kali: We'll twist their minds with political lies in books and in newspapers!

Sin: And we'll break their hearts in Godless schools, factories and skyscrapers!

Kali: And this is just the beginning... you wait till we <u>really</u> get going!!!

Sin: Corruption of religion is our game, watch austerity, cleanliness, mercy and truth go down the drain!

Kali: And the world will be ruled by the thoroughly insane! For I am Kali!

Sin: And I'm his consort, Sin.

Kali: When we're done, just see how heads will spin!

Sin: You will eat one another, even kith and kin!

Kali: At the end of the age you will be pygmies, short and thin!

Sin: You'll all be old men by the time you're ten!

Kali: For I am Kali!

Sin: And I'm his consort, Sin.

Kali & Sin: AND THIS IS THE AGE THAT WILL DO YOU ALL IN!!! **(they run offstage, laughing madly)**

<u>ACT TWO</u>
SCENE TWO

Kali and Sin And The Six Enemies

(Sin enters along with her six devilish assistants – Lust, Anger, Greed, Illusion, Madness and Envy. They all say "Bravo! Bravo!" and take their places before Sin's throne as she addresses them)

Sin: As seeds grow to become flower-bearing trees, my pets, so like a seed do I lie in the innermost chamber of the heart of all fallen souls. And, day by day, I develop till I do deliver to each and every individual the fruits and flowers of his own sinful life – misery, disease, confusion, pain and poverty. For the sins of his past, a man suffers, but he is uncontrollably impelled by my force to commit more and more sins. And from these, he suffers in the future and again commits more. My innumerable seeds are

indestructible. They are deeply sown and, like irrepressible weeds, give misery to all.

By my design the poor soul who contemplates sense objects develops attachment for them. That attachment leads to lust, and from lust, anger arises... from anger, then delusion... and finally loss of intelligence. And when a man loses his intelligence, he comes more firmly under my grip. **(all applaud)**

Thank you, my expert foremen. How grateful I am that with your assistance my authority has been expanded throughout the universe. My pets, recite to me now what expert means you use to expand my kingdom, and I shall reward each of you as you deserve. **(all speak simultaneously)** Wait, wait, my pets. One at a time, please, one at a time. Now let me see... who shall it be? You begin, O Lust...

Envy: He always gets to start first!

Sin: **(claps)** Silence, Envy!

Lust: **(rises)** O Empress Sin, your influence is boundless. Who can escape the enchantment of your web? I am not one to brag, **(others murmur)** but I must admit that it is I who am the greatest enemy of all the living entities!

All: What, you?!

Sin: **(claps)** Silence! Let him continue.

Lust: Yes, I! It is I, dear Empress, who induces the pure soul to become entangled in your clutches. My work is simple, very simple. Listen, mother, how I do your work to the best of my ability...

The beautiful woman sits in her bedroom, and with her quickly-moving eyes she sees the redness of her own lips in the mirror. And as she brushes her hair, which is black like the wings of a crow, the desires in her mind easily flow. Seeing her own reflection, her mind becomes delighted, and at any time I whisper in her ear... slowly, slowly I say to that lusty woman: *"Alas, O beautiful-eyed one, why are you sitting here alone, not being cared for? Why don't you attract some young man's mind and bind him up? Go, go! For what reason do you remain here idly? How can you tolerate the pride of these young men? Why not make them cry out in desire? Why not make them all roll at your feet?"* With a steady mind she hears these words. Slightly smiling, she rises and, holding the mirror with her own reflection in front of her, the enchantress runs off to conquer in all directions!!!

When I see laziness in a man, I go to him and say: *"O mystifier of the worlds, what are you doing? Just see – women are dying for you! You are just like a bumble-bee, now go and drink honey from many flowers!"* Hearing my sweet words, the scandalous man begins to think himself the lord of love. And at that moment, the beautiful woman attacks him with

the arrows of her glances. In this way, the young man and woman fall down by Lust's deception. In the end, they enjoy poisonous fruits, and the depths of their hearts burn day and night. Thus bound by ropes of attachment, they come under your control... their shouts of remorse never end! In this manner do I, Lust, ever cause the best of men to fall.

Sin: **(happily clapping)** Beautiful! Beautiful!

Envy: Now me! Let me!

Sin: Wait! All in good time! Speak to me, Anger — what is your business?

Anger: O Sin! All glories unto you! Without you, what would this world be like to live in? Please hear of my exploits on your behalf. Lust's work is simple, he says. I couldn't agree with him more. But my work is thorough. He may capture a man's senses, mind and intelligence, but it is my toxins that pollute his whole body. After Lust does what little he can, his victim gets passed on to me. **(Lust responds with insults)** Then I make the man's gentle voice harsh and loud, his muscles taut, his heart palpitate, his actions uncontrolled. Just see the pauper in my palm, his blood boiling and his face flushed red by my wrath! That soul will not listen, reason cannot find him, patience has deserted him. Only arrogance and pride provoke him, and he turns upon his own beloved wife, children and friends. Being unkind to them, he suffers all the more. O dearest Sin, devastation is my work! You can see the evidence of my work everywhere in the form of enmity: between husband and wife, between brothers, friends and families, between societies, religions and nations. I have men at each other's throats over mere trifles. Then after my brief visit is over, my black shadow, war, arrives! And that's when the real fun begins! **(harsh laughter. The other enemies mimick his laughter sarcastically)** Ah shut up! Shut up!

Sin: Next! Who shall speak next? **(clamor)** Quiet! **(immediate silence)** All right, Greed, go on.

Greed: Of all your foremen, sweet Sin, I truly am the foremost! **(all respond negatively)** Like a faithful gardener, I lavishly water the seeds you so carefully sow! Please hear, Your Majesty, of my qualifications — of which you certainly already know. Whatever there may be within the universe to satisfy one's senses can never satisfy me. Even though a man has everything, under my influence he wants more. With discontent by my side, I sap the very vitality of human life. Where I reside, rest assured, happiness never dares show her face. My pitiful prisoner, one foot through the gate of hell, thinks: *"So much wealth do I have today, and I will gain more according to my schemes."* Thus he works hard like an ass day in, day out, and even overtime...

Rushing to work at breakneck speed, full of anxiety, convinced that he is free. But in truth he's working for me!

No matter what he goes through and gets, it will never make amends...
thus he takes to stealing and cheating, even from his friends.
Then they steal from him and, thus oppressed,
they become enemies over a farthing or less.

Let but my sticky fingertips lightly touch the most esoteric philosopher, the most advanced scientist, the most renowned politician, the most brilliant poet, and they become morose, living a life of two extremes: hankering for future gain, and lamenting for past loss.
Ahhh! Just see how I make them all insane!

Illusion: Ho-hum!

Greed: My queen, these are the waters of my reign...

Illusion: Enough!

Greed: ...and the flood has only just begun...

Illusion: Enough!

Greed: ...by my touch, they all become undone!

Illusion: I can't stand any more!

Greed: Too bad!

Sin: Illusion, Illusion, please.

Illusion: **(jumping up and interrupting Greed)** O Sin! With all due respect, I have heard enough! After all, why does a man endeavor to enjoy himself? And why is he angered when he fails? I ask you why... why is he dissatisfied with his wealth? It is because I, Illusion, have spread my veils. You should know that all beautiful, glorious and mighty sins spring from but a spark of my splendor. **(Sin squirms nervously)** With but a single fragment of myself, I pervade and support all these other petty seedlings. **(other enemies protest vigorously)** Why do I reign supreme?

All: Supreme?!

Illusion: For one reason only: because of my cheerful smile called ignorance. It is due to ignorance, Madame Sin, that men are overcome by your glance. Poor little Lust and Anger simply carry on my work. **(negative response)** And when I make a man want more than what he's due, then only is he susceptible to you, O noble Greed! And why are souls called fallen? Because I cast them down. And why do they

stay down? Because I enshroud them. For every being is born in my grip, overcome by desire and hate.

I have decided for modern man
that life is a complex chemical combination,
that there is no God in control,
and within the body there is no soul.
He thinks that his body made merely
of earthly lifeless elements
is his complete identity.
Poor lost little living entity!

He's unaware that there's a joyful Lord in control,
that within the body, there's a blissful living soul.
You see, they only age in years, but not in knowledge,
for I hide reality behind my shawl,
for the detriment of one and all.
Good queen, you know this world to be
a place of death, happiness has no place here.
But for them, this truth is wholly unclear.

They are blind, for within their minds, I pit hope against hope. "Things will be better," they think, "and the future is so bright."

That's my master plan...
to keep them locked up in this sham.

Sin: Your master plan?

Illusion: Well, I didn't mean...

Sin: That is quite enough now, Illusion. Don't let yourself get carried away.

Illusion: But my Queen, I haven't...

Sin: Sit down, Illusion! Sit! Good. Now, Madness, you've been ominously quiet and reserved. Let's hear of your play.

Madness: I, reserved? How very droll.

Sin: Why not let us into the labyrinth of your mind?

Madness: Excuse me if I seem a bit reserved. A real hero shows prowess by his actions, not high sounding words. **(negative response)** Allow me to quietly reveal my seductive plot. Man is mortal; this statement seems quite sound, you must admit. **(responses: "So what else is new? Ho-hum!")**

Old folks have died, and he who is a child today,
will sooner or later pass away.
Yet although he knows his destiny to be dust,
he madly accumulate more and more and more,
and becomes a prime target for Illusion, Greed, Anger and Lust.
And why? Because he cannot help himself... he must!

All: He must?

Madness: He must! Do you hear? And this is the substance of my gift... This is what I, Madness, contribute. So, Mistress Sin, you can see that I'm the best, I trust.

Sin: **(to Madness)** Hmmm. Perhaps. After all, there is method to your madness. Well now, Envy. Envy?

All: Hey Envy!!!

Envy: Huh? Who, me?

All: Yes, you!

Sin: At last it is your turn to beat the drum. But I must caution you – don't be too malicious!

Envy: Who, me?

All: Yes, you!

Envy: (intensely eager) To begin with, O Queen, let me ask: From which tree do the seeds of sin come? **(all respond in favor of themselves)** Wrong! From me! **(all freak out)**
There – you see! Ha! The desire-tree of Envy!
Without me, men would live peacefully,
he'd not care if another was more opulent than he.
None would strive to accumulate more and more,
and then, Madness, where would you be?
Lust, Anger, Greed, Illusion and Madness all envy me! **(wild response)**
They know that only my call
lures the soul to want what is not his
and makes him fall – **(faint *kirtan* is heard in distance)**
and it all begins when he envies God!!!
That's why I will never let it end,
for my roots are stronger than an iron rod.
And nothing in this world can ever make them bend. **(dissention increases)**

(a *kirtan* is heard offstage in the distance, and this does not stop for

the rest of the play. The actors must shout over it)

Sin: Shhh, quiet. Listen! What's that?

All: What's what?

Sin: That sound!

All: What sound?

Sin: That! That horrible sound. It sounds like music...

All: Music?

Sin: Yes, happy music!

All: **(they stand up)** Yes, yes it is!

Sin: All right, who's responsible for this?

All: Honestly, Sin, we didn't...

Sin: I warn you if this is someone's idea of a joke, I'm not amused! I want it stopped. I want it stopped immediately! **(silence, no one moves)** Well, someone do something. Someone go out there and tell them to stop it this instant! **(Kali enters)**

All: Kali! Kali!

Sin: O Kali! How wonderful to see you, my dear! **(*kirtan* is more noticeable in background)**

Kali: **(sadly)** O my Queen, my poor Queen...

Sin: What,s the matter, Kali?

Kali: **(distraught, pacing back and forth)** I never thought it could happen... Brace yourself, my queen, I have bad news.

Sin: Bad news?!

Kali: Yes. It's all over! Our doom is in the making!

Sin: Our doom?

Kali: Yes! They are chanting and spreading those horrible names!

Sin: What names?

Kali: You know those names!

Sin: What are you talking about?

Kali: Must I spell out everything for you? The Holy Names of Krishna, the Supreme Personality of Godhead! They are planting those names in the minds and hearts of everyone, everywhere!

Sin: Oh no! No!

Kali: Our entire empire is quaking!

Sin: But how can that be? We've sown
uncountable seeds of sin within their hearts. **(All: Yes! Yes!)**
And those seeds will kill piety
like piercing, poisonous darts. **(All: They must! They must!)**

Kali: **(shakes his head dismally)** Excuse me, don't you realize this chanting of the Lord's names nullifies all sinful seeds...

Sin: Nullifies?

All: Nullifies?

Kali: ...and all reactions to sinful deeds?

Sin: no, no, it can't be!

Kali: Yes, it can. It's useless! All our work gone for nought; it's useless, don't you see?

Sin: **(in extreme anxiety)** But I don't understand. It just can't be!

Kali: But it can, it can! The Supreme Lord has come to say: Abandon all varieties of religion, just surrender unto Me and I'll protect you from all sin.

Sin: **(more calmly)** Oh, is that all? But that's not news! No one will listen to that when faced by Envy's might! **(All: Right!)** And who will care for such words when Lust makes his strike? **(All: Right!)** Our stalwart army will not fall! **(All: Never!)**

Kali: **(interrupts her, shouting)** That's where you're wrong! Our stalwart soldiers are being used by these devotees!!!

Sin: What gall! **(All: What gall!)** They must be deprogrammed at once...

(All: "At once") ...once and for all!

Kali: Listen! They transform their lust into love for the Lord.

Sin: For the Lord?!

All: Disgusting!

Kali: They use their anger and envy to fight those who decry the Lord and His divine plans. Their greed becomes eagerness to attain the Lord's favor. And separation from the Lord will make even Madness stand mute with folded hands as they wait for their beloved Lord to benedict the devotees with His ecstatic flavor! These devotees seem to taste some mysterious sweet that gives them strength to control their minds!!! O my queen, what can it be that makes our treats tasteless? **(Lust, Anger, Greed, Envy and Madness slink off; only Illusion remains)**

Sin: Let them try to control us! Illusion will captivate them back to our view! Just wait and see!

Kali: **(with sad voice)** O my poor Queen, I'm afraid Illusion won't do!

Sin: **(hopelessly)** What do you mean, Illusion won't do?

Kali: Let me show you. Illusion, come here! Under whose control are you?

Illusion: Sin's of course. For the source of my power, it is Sin I woo.

Kali: That may be true. But beyond her milieu, in whose shadow do you stand?

Illusion: **(great hesitancy)** I? Well. I stand behind the Lord!

Kali: And who is your Lord?

Illusion: My Lord? Why, ultimately Krishna, of course. Who else?

Sin: Ah! Don't mention that name! **(she tries to attack Illusion but Kali stops her)**

Kali: Wait! And when your Lord commands you, can you afford to disobey?

Illusion: No, never. How could I disobey my Lord? **(he runs off. Sin calls after the enemies)**

Sin: Illusion! Envy! Greed! Those miserable clowns claimed to abound in the confines of my world. But I've found their boasts to be merely bad jokes. May they all to their deaths be hurled! **(chanting continues. Kali and**

Sin look at each other for a moment, listening. They continue talking, but now more slowly than before)

Sin: What a cacophonous disruption! **(pause)** I demand to see who's doing this! **(gets up to go)**

Kali: **(alarmed)** O my consort Sin, if you wish to stay with me, I urge you not to go!!! **(to *kirtan* party)** Stop it! Stop it! My head is about to burst!!! **(he sits down as if he has a great headache)**

Sin: **(to herself)** Until this happened, our might was immeasurable! How could they deal such a blow? I must know! I must go... I must see how it could be so! **(she turns, sees Kali is not watching and runs off)**

Kali: **(immediately looks up and sees she's gone)** Wait! Wait! Sin! You'll be entrapped by our foe! **(he runs after her)**

ACT THREE
SCENE ONE

Lord Chaitanya Bids Farewell To His Devotees

(Lord Chaitanya and His devotees explode upon the stage and the personified Kali and Sin flee in fear. The *kirtan* builds up to an ecstatic climax and then ends. Lord Chaitanya sits surrounded by the devotees and speaks movingly)

Lord Chaitanya: My dear devotees, to see all of you before Me is the pleasure of My life, so how can My heart bear it now that all of you must return to Bengal? Please return here every year to see Me. Advaita Acharya, I consider you to be My Spiritual Master. Please give love of Krishna to all, even the lowest of men. And My dear Nityananda, you should spread devotional service throughout Bengal. Take with you Ramadas and Gadadhara, and sometimes I will also come to see your dancing, which purifies the three worlds.

O Srivasa, when you perform *sankirtan* in your house, know for certain that I am present there. Please take *prasada* from Lord Jagannath to my mother...

My dear Raghava Pandit. I am obliged to you, due to your pure love for Me. Everyone please hear of the pure devotion of Raghava Pandit. Every day, he prepares the finest fruits with great care and attention, and offers them to the Deity, along with cakes, sweet rice and all the finest foods and paraphernalia. Everyone is satisfied by his service...

All you inhabitants of Kulina-grama must come to Me every year and bring silken rope to carry Lord Jagannath.

Satyaraja Khan: O Lord, I am a materialistic man, entangled in household life. What is my duty?

Lord Chaitanya: Always chant the Holy Name of Krishna, and try to serve Him and His devotees, the Vaishnavas.

Satyaraja Khan: My Lord, how can one recognize a Vaishnava? What are his common symptoms?

Lord Chaitanya: Anyone who chants the Holy Name even once is considered to be worshipable, for by so doing all his previous sinful activities are nullified. There are no barriers in this chanting, and anyone can worship the Lord in this way and become purified, even the lowest of men. This chanting awakens one's dormant love for Krishna. Therefore anyone who is chanting the Holy Name of the Lord is understood to be a Vaishnava and worthy of one's worship.

Ah, Vasudeva Datta, what can I say about your pure love for Sri Govinda? Your love for Krishna is so strong that it can illuminate the darkness in the hearts of all the fallen souls. **(Vasudeva Datta becomes embarrassed and touches the Lords Lotus Feet)**

Vasudeva Datta: My dear Lord, You appear just to deliver all the conditioned souls. As you are the Supreme independent Lord, I have one petition to make before You. O Lord, my heart breaks to see the sufferings of the entangled living entities, therefore I request you to transfer the *karma* of their sinful lives upon my head. O Lord, let me always remain in a hellish condition, but please let their sufferings finish. **(Sri Chaitanya is overwhelmed)**

Lord Chaitanya: Such a statement is not astonishing, for you are actually Prahlada Maharaja and Krishna has bestowed all mercy upon you! Whatever you desire Krishna will give, there is no need for you to suffer! My dear Vasudeva Datta, the purity of your love is unmatched, and because of that love all living beings in the universe will certainly be liberated!

Now, My dear devotees, you must return to Bengal, but do not think that I will be separated from you, for wherever the Holy Name of Sri Hari is chanted by His devotees, certainly I am present. Come now... take heart! Let there be *kirtan!* **(a very slow and ecstatic *kirtan* begins and all the devotees of Lord Chaitanya dance... after a short time the Lord and his devotees take their place in the background and a spotlight brings the attention to the front of stage, where Srila Bhaktivinoda Thakura enters and stands)**

ACT THREE
SCENE TWO

The Vision Of Srila Bhaktivinoda Thakura

Bhaktivinoda: When the eastern horizon became tinged with the redness that heralds the rising of the sun, the jewel among the *brahmanas,* Lord Gaura-sundara, immediately awakened. Taking His devotees with him, He journeyed through the towns and villages of Nadiya. The *mridangas* resounded *"tathai tathai"* and the *karatals* in that *kirtan* played in time. Lord Gauranga's golden form slightly trembled in ecstatic love of Godhead, and His anklebells jingled.

The Lord called out to the townsfolk: *"Wake up, sleeping souls! Wake up! You have slept so long in the lap of the witch called Maya. You have achieved this rare human body. Don't you care for this gift? If you don't worship Krishna, the darling of mother Yashoda, then great sorrow awaits you at the time of your death. With every rising and setting of the sun, a day passes and is lost. Why then do you remain idle and not serve the Lord of the heart? I have descended just to save you. Other than Myself, who else is your friend? I have brought the medicine for destroying the illusion of Maya. Now pray for this Hari-nama Maha-mantra, and take it."* Thus, this Bhaktivinoda falls at the lotus feet of Lord Gauranga and begs to be blessed with the Holy Name... *Sri-Sri-Nitai-Gaura-Premanandi Hari Haribol!!!*

Sri-Harinama-Sankirtan-Yajna ki jaya!!! Yes, this principle of *kirtan* is the future church of the world; it invites all classes of men, without distinction of caste or clan, to the highest cultivation of the spirit. This church, it appears, will extend all over the world, and take the place of all sectarian churches, mosques and temples. After all, Lord Chaitanya did not advent Himself for the benefit of a few men of India, but to liberate all living beings, of all countries, throughout the entire universe. The Lord has said: *"In every town, country and village, My name will be sung."* There is no doubt that this unquestionable order will come to pass... I am sure that, soon, there will appear a personality who will preach the Holy Name of Lord Hari all over the world! Oh for that day when the fortunate English, French, Russian, German and American people will take up banners, *mridangas* and *karatals,* and raise *kirtan* through their streets and towns. Oh! When will that day come?

My dear Lord Gauranga, when You appeared, You revealed the highest knowledge of the Absolute Truth; but now, due to the ignorance of uncultured men, the Vaishnava faith appears to have become most degraded. Why, it is even considered a beggar's excuse for living at the expense of society.

My dear Lord, how will your super-excellent teachings again be brought forth shining? Alone, I do not have the power to restore them; therefore I am praying that you send me a soul who can achieve this task. My dear Lord Chaitanya! Please fulfill this long-cherished desire of mine. Please, send me a son, who will help me spread your teachings far across the land!

Devotee: (heard from outside the room) Kedaranath! Kedaranath Babu!

Bhaktivinoda: Yes, yes, I am here! What's the matter?

Devotee: **(rushing in, breathless)** Kedaranath! Your prayer... has been answered!

Bhaktivinoda: What? What are you saying? What has happened?

Devotee: Your wife has given birth...

Bhaktivinoda: Yes?

Devotee: To a son!

Bhaktivinoda: A son? Krishna's mercy! But my prayer was for more than just a son!

Devotee: Oh, I know! This one is very special! He is the one you've been praying for!

Bhaktivinoda: But... how do you know?

Devotee: You should see! His features are so auspicious!

Bhaktivinoda: Yes? But...

Devotee: His eyes... his face... so wonderful!

Bhaktivinoda: But how does that...

Devotee: Listen! Apart from all that, he was born wearing the sacred thread of a *brahmana*!

Bhaktivinoda: **(astounded)** What? Come now...

Devotee: It's true! He was born with the umbilical cord wrapped around his neck and draped across his chest!

Bhaktivinoda: **(in ecstacy)** *Nitai-Gaura-chandra! Haribol! Haribol!* **(runs off stage)**

ACT FOUR
SCENE ONE

Srila Prabhupada Meets His Spiritual Master

(Scene opens with Srila Bhaktisiddhanta and disciples in the background. Enter Narendranath, pulling Srila Prabhupada as a young man named Abhay Charan)

Abhay: Narendranath! I'm not going!

Narendranath: Oh please, Abhay, I'm sure you will like him... he is a wonderful *sadhu!*

Abhay: Oh yes, I know all these *sadhus!* Most of them are simply beggars and *ganja* smokers in the dress of mendicants!

Narendranath: But this one is different, Abhay. He is a pure and powerful Vaishnava.

Abhay: Narendranath! I wish you wouldn't behave like this! I told you I'm not going...

Narendranath: Look, Abhay, I tell you he is extraordinary. He is such a learned scholar, and a great devotee of Lord Chaitanya Mahaprabhu. You must meet him! Please!

Abhay: Oh, I...

Narendranath: At least you should see him and judge for yourself.

Abhay: You're so persistent! All right!

Narendranath: You won't regret this Abhay, I promise you.

Abhay: Well, we shall see.

Bhaktisiddhanta: There has not been, there will not be, such benefactors of the highest merit as Chaitanya Mahaprabhu and His devotees have been. The offer of other benefits is only a deception; it is rather a great harm, whereas the benefit done by Him and His followers is the truest and greatest eternal benefit... It is not for the benefit of one particular country, causing mischief to another; but it benefits the whole universe... The kindness that Sri Chaitanya Mahaprabhu has shown to *jivas* absolves them eternally from all wants, from all inconveniences and from all distresses... **(Abhay and Narendranath enter, they pay their obeisances and are still rising)**

Bhaktisiddhanta: You are educated young men. Why don't you preach Lord Chaitanya Mahaprabhu's message throughout the whole world?

Abhay: **(taken back)** How can we spread Indian culture if we are under British rule? First India must become independent, otherwise who will hear your Chaitanya's message?

Bhaktisiddhanta: Krishna consciousness does not have to wait for a change in Indian politics, nor is it dependent on who rules. It is so important, so exclusively important, that it cannot wait!

Abhay: How can you dismiss the cause of independence, as if it were of no importance, when so many of our spiritually minded leaders and saints — even Gandhi himself — are stressing national pride?

Bhaktisiddhanta: Whether one power or another rules is a temporary situation; the eternal reality is Krishna or God consciousness, and the real self is the spiritual soul. Therefore no man-made political system can actually help humanity. This is the verdict of the Vedas. Everyone is an eternal servant of God, but if one takes himself to be the temporary body, and if one regards the nation of his birth as worshipable, then he is in the greatest illusion. The leaders and followers of the world's political movements, including the independence movement, are simply cultivating this illusion, and therefore they are no better then cows and asses. Real welfare work, whether individual, social or political, should help prepare a person for his next life and help him to re-establish his eternal relationship with Krishna.

Abhay: Yes, that is true, but oppression of the people is a reality... and the British slaughter of innocent citizens is a reality. Surely, at the present time, the people's cause is the only relevant movement, and spiritual life is a luxury which can be afforded only after independence.

Bhaktisiddhanta: Lord Sri Krishna is the highest Vedic authority, and in the *Bhagavad-Gita* he declares: *sarva-dharman parityajya mam ekam saranam vraja, aham tvam sarva-papebhyo moksayisyami ma sucah* — that one should give up all so-called *dharmas* and religious duties and surrender unto Him, the Personality of Godhead. The *Srimad-Bhagavatam* confirms this: *dharmah projjhita kaitavo 'tra paramo nirmatsaranam satam* — all other forms of religion are impure and should be thrown out; only *Bhagavata-dharma* — performing one's duties to please the Supreme Lord — should remain. The problem is that the people have become faithless. They no longer believe that devotional service to God can remove all anomalies, even on the political scene. How can someone claim to be a leader of the people if he is ignorant of the soul and identifies with this dead body as the self? He is simply a fool, and yet they are all following... blind men led by another blind man into the ditch. There is no scarcity in this world... the only scarcity is of Krishna consciousness. But all these men — Subhash Chandra Bose, Bannerjee, Lajpat Rai, Gandhi — they have all failed to solve the real problem of society; rather, they simply added to

the chaos and confusion.

This whole world is simply a society of cheaters and cheated. It is not a fit place for a gentleman. Therefore one should simply aspire to leave this material world and go back to home, back to Godhead. The urgent need is to render the highest good to humanity by educating people about the eternal soul and its intimate loving relationship with Krishna. This is Lord Chaitanya's instruction to everyone born in India: *bharata-bhumite haila manusya-janma yara, janma sarthaka kari kara para-upakara.* So, do not hesitate... take up this important preaching mission and become an instrument in fulfilling Lord Chaitanya's prediction. And what is that prediction? *Prthivite ache yata nagaradi grama, sarvatra pracara haibe mora nama* – that one day the Holy Name of the Lord will be known in every town and every village of the world. *Hare Krishna!* **(Abhay pays his respectful obeisances, rises and leaves with Narendranath... they appear again, front stage)**

Narendranath: So, Abhay, what was your impression? What do you think of him?

Abhay: He is wonderful! The message of Lord Chaitanya is in the hands of a very expert person!

Narendranath: I knew you would like him, Abhay.

Abhay: Yes, he is a very nice saintly person. Narendranath, I think, were it not for my wife and family commitments, I would immediately join him. **(pause... then thoughtfully)** Still, in my heart, I have accepted him. Yes, I have accepted him!

ACT FOUR
SCENE TWO

Srila Prabhupada's Journey To America

(Scene opens with Srila Prabhupada sitting behind a makeshift desk – his trunk – on board the steamship Jaladuta during the long journey from Calcutta to Boston, U.S.A... A few large volumes of *Srimad-Bhagavatam* are visible. He is sitting in the light of a lantern, wearing glasses, and he looks weak in health. As he is writing, he pauses occasionally to think. He seems to be very thoughtful and grave, and at same time there is an unmistakable mood of determination, victory, ultimate happiness and peace about him. As he writes, his thoughts are heard)

Prabhupada: Today the ship is plying very smoothly. I feel today better. But I am feeling separation from Sri Vrindavan and my Lords Sri

Govinda, Gopinath, Radha-Damodara. I depend fully on Their mercy, so far away from Vrindavan. I have left Bharata-bhumi, just to execute the order of Sri Bhaktisiddhanta Sarasvati, in pursuance of Lord Chaitanya's order. I have no qualification, but have taken up the risk, just to carry out the order of His Divine Grace. By his strong desire, the Holy Name of the Lord Gauranga will spread throughout all the countries of the western world. In all the cities, town and villages on the earth, from all the oceans, seas, rivers and streams, everyone will chant the Holy Name of Krishna.

Although my Guru Maharaja ordered me to accomplish this mission, I am not worthy or fit to do it. Therefore, O Lord, now I am begging for your mercy so that I may become worthy, for you are the wisest and more experienced of all. Today that remembrance of You came to me in a very nice way. Because I have a great longing, I called to You. I am Your eternal servant and therefore I desire Your association so much. O Lord Krishna, except for You, there is no other means for success...

(there is a knock on the door. Captain and Mrs. Pandia enter)

Prabhupada: Captain Pandia... Mrs. Pandia! *Hare Krishna!*

Cpt. Pandia: Maharaja, how do you feel now? Has your health improved?

Prabhupada: Oh yes, yes. Do not worry! The chest pains have gone now, and but for a slight headache, I am feeling much better.

Mrs. Pandia: Oh, this is good news. We were really worried about you, you know, Swamiji!

Prabhupada: If the Atlantic had shown its usual face, perhaps I would have died. But Lord Krishna has taken charge of the ship.

Cpt. Pandia: Yes, I believe you are right. I have sailed these waters a hundred times, but never in my entire career have I seen such a calm Atlantic crossing!

Prabhupada: It is Krishna's mercy.

Cpt. Pandia: Yes!

Mrs. Pandia: Swamiji, perhaps you will come back with us, so that we may have another crossing such as this one! **(they all laugh)**

Prabhupada: Yes, yes, surely I would return with you. But I have my mission to fulfill!

Cpt. Pandia: Yes. I would like to help you, Maharaja. Is there anything we can do before you go?

Prabhupada: Mmmm? Yes... you take these copies of *Srimad-Bhagavatam* — this is the First Canto in three volumes — simply try to understand it, chant Hare Krishna, and you will be happy, that's all. This is the best thing you can do for me.

Cpt. Pandia: This is... most kind...

Mrs. Pandia: Oh Swamiji, we cannot possibly thank you enough...

Cpt. Pandia: Maharaja, here's twenty dollars. Please accept it as a donation for the books. It's not much, but it may help you.

Prabhupada: (touching the money to his head) Thank you very much!

Mrs. Pandia: Your future looks very bright, Swamiji, I can tell these things. That you have passed beyond this crisis shows that you have the blessings of Lord Krishna.

Prabhupada: *Hare Krishna!*

Cpt. & Mrs. Pandia: *Hare Krishna!* **(they leave. Srila Prabhupada rises, and with the help of his stick he walks to the front. Leaning on the ship's rail, he peers out across the ocean to Boston's bleak and dirty skyline)**

Prabhupada: My dear Lord Krishna, You are so merciful upon this useless soul, but I do not know why You have brought me here. Now You can do whatever You like with me. But I guess You have some business here, otherwise why would You bring me to this terrible place? Most of the population here is covered by the material modes of passion and ignorance. Absorbed in material life, they think themselves very happy and satisfied, and therefore they have no taste for the transcendental message of Vasudeva. I do not know how they will be able to understand it. But I know Your causeless mercy can make everything possible, because You are the most expert mystic. Somehow or other, O Lord, You have brought me here to speak about You. Now it is up to You to make me a success or failure as You like.

ACT FOUR
SCENE THREE

Srila Prabhupada's Preaching In America

(A slide show should accompany the Narrator's praise of Srila

Prabhupada's accomplishments)

Narrator: Srila Prabhupada arrived in America, practically penniless and hardly knowing in which direction he should go. For a while he wandered here and there... to Butler, Pennsylvania, then to New York, where he stayed with Dr. Mishra (a Mayavadi *yogi*), and then to the Bowery – Skid Row, full of bums and drunkards. There he shared a loft with a drug-crazed hippie, till one day the boy finally went mad and Prabhupada was on the street with nowhere else to go. In this way, alone, for one year he was preaching – through the bitter New York winter – impoverished and a stranger in a city so degraded...

Then, at last, on the Lower East Side, one by one, bedraggled refugees of Kali-yuga – hippies, fed up with materialism, and disillusioned with the so-called "flower power movement" – came to him for answers and for shelter from the rain of confusion. So he simply gave them *kirtan* and, out of curiosity or looking for some kind of mystical experience, they chanted Hare Krishna – although unknowingly, they began their path home to the spiritual sky. With great patience and compassion, Srila Prabhupada gave the message he had brought, and though the first students were so crazy, he spelled the truth out to them all, just like a kindly father: "You are not these bodies, you are spirit souls," he said. "We are all God's servants, so just chant Hare Krishna and be happy!" Many were just too far gone to hear him, but a few were sincere seekers of the truth, and they stayed, listened, learned and followed.

Soon the Swamiji (as he was then affectionately known among his followers) had gathered around himself a faithful band of boys and girls, who gradually began to take to Krishna consciousness. Won over by *kirtan, prasadam* and Prabhupada's devotion to Lord Krishna, they gave up illicit sex, drugs, meat and gambling, and he, in turn, accepted them as his own disciples. But as soon as a few of them were strong enough to carry on in New York, immediately he left and went on to San Francisco, where with chanting, dancing, *prasadam* and philosophy, so many hopeless souls were attracted and saved from the web of material life.

In just a few years, the seed had been planted in New York, San Francisco, Montreal, Los Angeles... and across the sea to England, France, Australia and Russia. And Srila Prabhupada went travelling on relentlessly – preaching and taking the world by storm. And wherever Srila Prabhupada went with his disciples, people were astonished, journalists were excited, religionists dumbfounded and scientists were smashed! But above all, the peoples' hearts were changed.

In just twelve short years – from Srila Prabhupada's arrival in the West until his triumphant return to Goloka Vrindavan, the Supreme abode – this world was benefitted with so many of his gifts: more than one hundred beautiful temples, farms, castles, restaurants and palaces, full of thousands of ecstatic Vaishnava sons, daughters, grand-disciples... Sri Mayapura-Chandrodaya Mandir, Vrindavan's Krishna-Balarama temple, West Virginia's New Vrindavan, and the Bhaktivedanta Manor in London, England, to name but a few. He gave us worship of Their Lordships Sri-Sri Radha-Krishna, Sri-Sri Gaura-Nitai and Jagannath-Subhadra-Balarama. And festivals like Gaura-Purnima, Janmashtami and Ratha-yatra flooding this world with nectar. He gave

us transcendental dramas, art, music, dioramas, schools to teach our children, farms for developing cow-protection – but above all else, he gave us his books! "They are the basis," he would say, and he gave every single breath for writing them – seventy volumes, in fifty languages, printed in the hundreds of thousands and millions, distributed world-wide. He gave us the foundation for a golden age, a blue-print for the future; but more than that, he left his own example – a lifetime of surrender and devotional endeavor, for us to take our strength and inspiration from.

ACT FOUR
SCENE FOUR

Srila Prabhupada's Arrival

Narrator: It is a few minutes before Srila Prabhupada's arrival. The occasion is the celebration of *Vyasa-Puja* held at the Bhaktivedanta Manor in England in 1973. Devotees are running around panic-stricken and ecstatic, trying to get everything ready. The Temple Commander appears in overalls, blurts out a few instructions to the devotees around him, who run off in different directions, and then proceeds to bang some nails in the wall. Just then, the telephone rings and the Temple Commander answers it. Srila Prabhupada is on his way and will be at the temple at any moment! The devotee's anxiety reaches a climax. Then suddenly the arrival *kirtan* is heard and Srila Prabhupada has arrived!

Srila Prabhupada's small but commanding figure walks regally into the temple amidst bowing disciples and uncontrolled chanting of *"Jai Prabhupada!"* The Deity curtains are opened and Srila Prabhupada bows down before Their Lordships Sri-Sri Radha-Krishna and then rises, standing reverentially before Them, his first fingers tapping together lightly, in time with the *"Govindam"* prayers. After a few minutes, Srila Prabhupada turns and walks majestically to his *vyasasana* where he sits and begins to chant *"Jaya Radha-Madhava."* With his *karatals* ringing sweetly, and the *mridanga* following, Srila Prabhupada takes the devotees out into a deep sea of chanting... After only a few minutes, the *kirtan* ends and his Divine Grace begins to speak...

Prabhupada: Sons and daughters – I am so much obliged to you that you have become so enthusiastic for offering Vyasa-puja. When Krishna sees that a living entity is very anxious to understand Him or to revive his Krishna consciousness, then Krishna gives him all opportunity, especially by manifesting himself as the spiritual master... *antar bahih*... the spiritual master is therefore Krishna's manifestation, Krishna's mercy manifestation to help a person to develop his Krishna consciousness... Therefore, to advance in Krishna consciousness, we require two kinds of help – one from Krishna and another from spiritual master. It is stated in the *Chaitanya-Charitamrita...* You'll be glad to know that the 17-volume book, *Chaitanya-Charitmrita,* is now published!

Devotees: *Jai!*

Prabhupada: *Kiba vipra kiba nyasi sudra kene naya, yei Krishna tattva vettha sei guru haya*. I am sometimes criticized by my godbrothers, that I have become a "marriage-maker," but they do not know why I take this risk. I have got many disciples, they are married couples, but all of them, husband and wife, they are helping this movement. I am very much hopeful that my disciples who are now participating will continue to advance, so, even if I die, my movement will not stop. I am very much hopeful. All these nice boys and girls... Bhaktivinoda Thakura wanted that European and American people may understand the philosophy of Chaitanya cult, and take part in it. That was his desire...

My *guru maharaja,* His Divine Grace Bhaktisiddhanta Sarasvati Goswami Prabhupada, he also attempted to send his disciples to preach Chaitanya cult in the western world. First meeting, perhaps you know, he asked me to preach. So at that time I was young man, only twenty-five years old, and I was also householder. So I should have joined and executed his desire immediately, but due to my ill luck, I could not immediately execute his order. But it was in my heart, that it is to be done. So it is better late than never, I executed his order at the age of seventy years, not at the age of twenty-five year. So actually I wasted so much time, I can understand that. From twenty-five... The message was there when I was twenty-five years old, but I begun at the age of seventy years. But I did not forget the message, otherwise how could I do? That is a fact. I was simply finding out the opportunity to do it. So anyway, although I began very late at the age of seventy years, so by the help of my disciples this movement is gaining ground and is spreading all over the world. So therefore I have to thank you. It is all due to you. It is not my credit, but it is your credit, that you are helping me in executing the order of my Guru Maharaja...

So this movement, Krishna consciousness movement — that you already know, that it is the most essential, most important movement in the human society — so this movement will go on... Nobody can stop... You, all my disciples, everyone should become spiritual master. It is not difficult. It is difficult when you manufacture something. But if you simply present what you have heard from your spiritual master, it is very easy... One may be rascal number one from material estimation, but if he simply strictly follows whatever is said by Chaitanya Mahaprabhu or representative spiritual master, then he becomes a *guru.*

So, it is not very difficult... *Amara ajnaya guru haya*... And what is the difficulty? Chaitanya Mahaprabhu says don't feel any difficulty, because as spiritual master, what you have to do? *Yare dekha tare kaha Krishna upadesa*... Whomever you meet, you simply speak to him the instruction which Krishna gives. What Krishna... The instruction He gives? That is also very easy. What is that? Krishna says: *Man-mana bhava mad-bhaktah mad-yaji mam namaskuru*. Krishna says, "Just become My devotee, always think of Me, offer Me obeisances and worship Me..." And at last Krishna says: *Sarva-dharman parityajya mam ekam saranam vraja*.

So if you simply preach this cult... "My dear friend, my dear brother, you surrender to Krishna," you'll become spiritual master. Become spiritual master! You go door to door. No other talks, simply say: "My dear friend, you are great *sadhu*!" Although he may be rascal number one, still you call him: "*He*

sadhava. Yes, I am *sadhu,* yes. What is your proposal? Then you say to him, Kindly forget all nonsense that you have learned! That's all. I am flattering you because I want that you forget everything... All this *yogis* and this and that, meditation... Please, kick out all this! Then what, after this? *Chaitanya candra carane kurutanuraga*... Just adhere yourself to the lotus feet of Lord Chaitanya! Then you become spiritual master. That's all. So, if you want to become recognized by Krishna very quickly, you take up this process of becoming spiritual master and present the *Bhagavad-Gita As It Is,* your life is perfect. Thank you very much!

Devotees: All glories to Srila Prabhupada!

Srila Prabhupada: Chant Hare Krishna!

(Devotees begin chanting and Srila Prabhupada stays for a few minutes before rising and leaving the temple room. *Kirtan* continues and becomes very ecstatic)

The End